

P O E M S,  
ON  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,  
BY  
MARY COLLIER,   
AUTHOR  
OF THE  
Washerwoman's Labour,  
With some remarks  
ON  
HER LIFE.

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S O M E

## Remarks of the Author's Life drawn by herself.

WHO am the Author of these Poems  
I was Born near Midhurst in Sussex of poor,  
but honest Parents, by whom I was taught to  
read when very Young, and took great delight  
in it; but my Mother dying, I lost my Edu-  
cation, Never being put to School: As I grew  
up, I was set to such labour as the Country af-  
forded. My Recreation was reading, I bought  
and borrow'd many Books, any foolish History  
highly delighted me; but as I grew Older I  
read Speed and Bakers Chronicles, Fox's Acts  
and Monuments of the Church, Josephus, and  
others: Continuing with my Father, who be-  
fore his Death was long sickly and infirm, af-  
ter his Death being left alone, I came to Pe-  
tersfield, where my chief Employment was,  
Washing, Brewing and such labour, still devo-  
ting what leisure time I had to Books. After  
several

several Years thus Spent, Duck's Poems came abroad, which I soon got by heart, fancying he had been too Severe on the Female Sex in his Thresher's Labour brought me to a Strong propensity to call an Army of Amazons to vindicate the injured Sex: Therefore I answer'd him to please my own humour, little thinking to make it Public it lay by me several Years and by now and then repeating a few lines to amuse myself and entertain my Company, it got Air.

I happen'd to attend a Gentlewoman in a fit of Illness, and she and her Friends persuaded me to make Verses on the Wise Sentences, which I did on such Nights as I waited on her. I had learn'd to write to assist my memory, and her Spouse transcrib'd it with a promise to keep it private, but he exposed it to so many, that it soon Became a Town Talk, which made many advise me to have it printed and at length I comply'd to have it done at my own charge, I lost nothing, neither did I gain much, others run away with the profit.

Soon after, at the Request of a Gentleman I employed my poor Genius on the Subject of the Happy Husband: And have Since made (Courteous Reader) Such as you see, which I,   
consign

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consign to your better judgement and your Generosity to use as you please:

Having continued a Washerwoman till I was Sixty-Three Years of Age, I left Petersfield to go and take care of a Farm House near Alton, and there I staid till turn'd of Seventy, And then the infirmities of Age rendered me incapable of the labour of that place.

Now I have retired to a Garret (The Poor Poets Fate) in Alton where I am endeavouring to pass the Relict of my days in Piety, Purity, Peace, and an Old Maid.



THE  
Woman's Labour:  
TO  
Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.



MMORTAL Bard! thou Fav'rite of the Nine!  
Enrich'd by Peers, advanc'd by CAROLINE!  
Deign to lock down on one that's poor and low,  
Remembering you yourself was lately so ;  
Accept these Lilies : Alas ! what can you have  
From her, who ever was, and's still a Slave ?  
No Learning ever was bestow'd on me ;  
My Life was always spent in Drudgery :  
And not alone ; alas ! with Grief I find,  
It is the Portion of poor Woman-kind.  
Oft have I thought as on my Bed I lay,  
Eas'd from the tiresome Labours of the Day,  
Our first Extraction from a Mass refin'd,  
Could never be for Slavery design'd ;

Till

Till Time and Custom by Degrees destroy'd  
 That happy State our Sex at first enjoy'd.  
 When Men had us'd their utmost Care and Toil,  
 Their Recompence was but a Female Smile ;  
 When they by Arts or Arms were render'd Great,  
 They laid their Trophies at a Woman's Feet ;  
 They, in those Days, unto our Sex did bring  
 Their Hearts, their All, a Free-will Offering ;  
 And as from us their Being they derive,  
 They back again should all due Homage give,

*ZOVE* once descending from the Clouds, did drop  
 In showers of Gold on lovely *Danae's* Lap ;  
 The sweet-tongu'd Poets, in those generous Days,  
 Unto our Shrine still offer'd up their Lays :  
 But now, alas ! that Golden Age is past,  
 We are the Objects of your Scorn at last.  
 And you, great *DUCK*, upon whose happy Brow  
 The Muses seem to fix their Garland now,  
 In your late *Poem* boldly did declare  
*Alcides'* Labours cant with yours compare ;  
 And of your annual Task have much to say,  
 Of Threshing, Reaping, Mowing Corn and Hay ;  
 Boasting your daily Toil, and nightly Dream,  
 But cant conclude your never-dying Theme.

And

And let our hapless Sex in Silence lie  
 Forgotten, and in dark Oblivion die ;  
 But on our abject State you throw your Scorn,  
 And Women wrong, your Verses to adorn.  
 You of Hay-making speak a Word or two,  
 As if our Sex but little Work could do :  
 This makes the honest Farmer smiling say,  
 He'll seek for Women still to make his Hay ;  
 For if his Back be turn'd the Work they mind  
 As well as Men, as far as he can find.  
 For my own Part, I many a *Summer's Day*  
 Have spent in throwing, turning, making Hay ;  
 But ne'er could see, what you have lately found,  
 Our Wages paid for sitting on the Ground.  
 'Tis true, that when our Morning's Work is done,  
 And all our Grafs expos'd unto the Sun,  
 While that his scorching Beams do on it shine,  
 As well as you we have a Time to dine :  
 I hope, that since we freely toil and sweat  
 To earn our Bread, you'll give us Time to eat :  
 That over, soon we must get up again,  
 And nimbly turn our Hay upon the plain :  
 Nay, rake and row it in, the Case is clear ;  
 Or how should *Cocks in equal Rows appear* ?  
 But if you'd have what you have wrote believ'd,  
 I find, that you to hear us talk are griev'd :

In this, I hope, you do not speak your Mind,  
 For none but *Turks*, that ever I could find,  
 Have Mutes to serve them, or did e'er deny  
 Their Slaves, at Work, to chat it merrily.  
 Since you have Liberty to speak your Mind,  
 And are to talk, as well as we, inclin'd,  
 Why should you thus repine, because that we,  
 Like you, enjoy that pleasing Liberty?  
 What! would you Lord it quite, and take away  
 The only Privilege our Sex enjoy?

WHEN Ev'ning does approach, we homeward hie,  
 And our domestick Toils incessant ply;  
 Against your coming Home prepare to get  
 Our Work all done, Our House in order set;  
 Bacon and *Dumpling* in the Pot we boil,  
 Our Beds we make, our Swine we feed the while;  
 Then wait at Door to see you coming Home,  
 And set the Table out against you come:  
 Early next Morning we on you attend,  
 Our Children drefs and feed, their Cloaths we mend;  
 And in the Field our daily Task renew;  
 Soon as the rising Sun has dry'd the Dew.

WHEN Harvest comes, into the Field we go,  
 And help to reap the Wheat as well as you;

Or else we go the Ears of Corn to glean ;  
 No Labour scorning, be it e'er so mean ;  
 But in the Work we freely bear a Part,  
 And what we can, perform with all our Heart.  
 To get a Living we so willing are,  
 Our tender Babes unto the Field we bear,  
 And wrap them in our Cloaths to keep them warm,  
 While round about we gather up the Corn ;  
 And often unto them our Course do bend,  
 To keep them save, that nothing them offend :  
 Our Children that are able bear a share,  
 In gleaning Corn, such is our frugal Care.  
 When Night comes on, unto our Home we go,  
 Our Corn we carry, and our Infant too ;  
 Weary indeed ! but 'tis not worth our while  
 Once to complain, or *rest at ev'ry Stile* ;  
 We must make haste, for when we home are come,  
 We find again our Work but just begun ;  
 So many Things for our Attendance call,  
 Had we ten Hands, we could employ them all.  
 Our Children put to Bed, with greatest Care  
 We all Things for your coming home prepare :  
 You sup, and go to Bed without Delay,  
 And rest yourselves till the ensuing Day ;  
 While we, alas ! but little Sleep can have,  
 Because our froward Children cry and rave ;

Yet

Yet, without fail, soon as Day-light doth spring,  
 We in the Field again our work begin,  
 And there, with all our Strength, our Toil renew,  
 Till *Titan's* golden Rays have dry'd the Dew ;  
 Then home we go unto our Children dear,  
 Dress, feed, and bring them to the Field with Care ;  
 Were this your Case, you justly might complain  
 That Day nor Night you are secure from Pain ;  
 Those mighty Troubles which perplex your Mind,  
 (*Thistles* before, and *Females* come behind)  
 Would vanish soon, and quickly disappear,  
 Were you, like us, encumber'd thus with Care.  
 What you would have of us we do not know :  
 We oft take up the Corn that you do mow ;  
 We cut the Peas, and always ready are  
 In every Work to take our proper Share ;  
 And from the Time that Harvest doth begin,  
 Until the Corn be cut and carry'd in,  
 Our Toil and Labour's daily so extreme,  
 That we have hardly ever *Time to Dream.*

THE Harvest ended, Respite none we find ;  
 The hardest of our Toil is still behind :  
 Hard Labour we most chearfully pursue,  
 And out, abroad, a Chairing often go :

Of which I now will briefly tell in part,  
 What fully to describe is past my Art ;  
 So many Hardships daily we go through,  
 I boldly say, the like *you* never knew.

WHEN bright *Orion* glitters in the Skies  
 In *Winter* Nights, then early we must rise ;  
 The Weather ne'er so bad, Wind, Rain, or Snow,  
 Our Work appointed, we must rise and go ;  
 While you on easy Beds may lie and sleep,  
 Till Light does thro' your Chamber Windows peep ;  
 When to the House we come where we should go,  
 How to get in, alas ! we do not know :  
 The Maid quite tir'd with Work the day before,  
 O'ercome with Sleep ; we standing at the Door  
 Oppress'd with Cold, and often call in vain,  
 E'er to our Werk we can admittance gain :  
 But when from Wind and Weather we get in,  
 Briskly with Courage we our Work begin ;  
 Heaps of fine Linnen we before us view,  
 Whereon to lay our Strength and Patience too ;  
 Cambricks and Muslins which our Ladies wear,  
 Laces and Edgings, costly, fine, and rare,  
 Which must be wash'd with utmost Skill and Care ; }  
 With Holland Shirts, Ruffles and Fringes too,  
 Fashions, which our Fore-fathers never knew.

For several Hours here we work and slave,  
 Before we can one Glimpse of Day-light have ;  
 We labour hard before the Morning's past,  
 Because we fear the Time runs on too fast.

At length bright *Sol* illuminates the Skies,  
 And summon's drowsy Mortals to arise ;  
 Then comes our Mistress to us without fail,  
 And in her Hand, *perhaps*, a Mug of Ale  
 To cheer our Hearts, and also to inform  
 Herself what Work is done that very Morn ;  
 Lays her Commands upon us, that we mind  
 Her Linnen well, nor *leave the Dirt bebind* ;  
 Nor this alone, but also to take Care  
 We don't her Cambricks nor her Ruffles tear ;  
 And *these* most strictly does of us require,  
 To save her Soap, and sparing be of Fire ;  
 Tells us her Charge is great, *nay* furthermore,  
 Her Cloaths are fewer than the Time before :  
 Now we drive on, resolv'd our Strength to try,  
 And what we can we do most willingly ;  
 Untill with Heat and Work, 'tis often known,  
 Not only Sweat, but Blood runs trickling down  
 Our Wrists and Fingers ; still our Work demands  
 The constant Action of our lab'ring Hands.

Now

Now Night comes on, from whence you have Relief,  
 But that, alas ! does but increase our Grief ;  
 With heavy Hearts we often view the Sun,  
 Fearing he'll set before our Work is done ;  
 For either in the Morning, or at Night,  
 We peice the *Summers Day* with Candle-light.  
 Tho' we all Day with Care our Work attend,  
 Such is our Fate, we know not when 'twill end :  
 When Evening's come, you homeward take your Way,  
 We, till our Work is done, are forc'd to stay ;  
 And after all our Toil and Labour past,  
 Six-pence or Eight-pence pays us off at last ;  
 For all our Pains, no Prospect can we see  
 Attend us, but *Old Age* and *Poverty*.

**T**HE *Washing* is not all we have to do :  
 We oft change Work for Work as well as you.  
 Our Mistress of her Pewter doth complain,  
 And 'tis our part to make it clean again.  
 This Work, tho' very hard and tiresome too,  
 Is not the worst we hapless Females do :  
 When Night comes on, and we quite weary are,  
 We scarce can count what falls unto our Share ;  
 Pots, Kettles, Sauce-pans, Skillets, we may see,  
 Skimmers, and Ladles, and such Trumpery,  
 Brought in to make compleat our Slavery. }  
 Tho'

Tho' early in the Morning 'tis begun,  
 'Tis often very late before we've done;  
 Alas ! our Labours never know no End,  
 On Brads and Iron we our Strength must spend,  
 Our tender Hands and Fingers scratch and tear:  
 All this, and more, with Patience we must bear.  
 Colour'd with Dirt and Filth we now appear;  
 Your threshing sooty Peas will not come near.  
 All the Perfections Woman once could boast,  
 Are quite obscur'd, and altogether lost.

ONCE more our Mistress fends to let us know  
 She wants our Help, because the Beer runs low;  
 Then in much haste for Brewing we prepare,  
 The Vessels clean, and scald with greatest Care;  
 Often at Midnight from our Bed we rise  
 At other Times ev'n *that* will not suffice;  
 Our Work at Ev'ning oft we do begin,  
 And e'er we've done, the Night comes on again,  
 Water we pump, the Copper we must fill,  
 Or tend the Fire; for if we e'er stand still,  
 Like you, when Threshing, we a Watch must keep,  
 Our Wort boils over, if we dare to sleep.

BUT to rehearse all Labour is in vain,  
 Of which we very justly might complain;

For

For us, you see, but little Rest is found;  
 Our Toil increases as the Year runs round,  
 While you to *Syphus* yourselves compare,  
 With *Danaus' Daughters* we may claim a Share;  
 For while *he* labours hard against the Hill,  
 Bottomless Tubs of Water *they* must fill.

So the industrious Bees do hourly strive  
 To bring their Loads of Honey to the Hive;  
 Their sordid Owners always reap the Gains,  
 And poorly recompense their Toil and Pains.





## THE THREE WISE SENTENCES,

From the First Book of E S D R A S  
Chap. III. and IV.



N gentle Numbers fain my Muse would sing  
Of great *Darius*, *Persia's* royal King ;  
That potent Monarch, whose imperial Sway  
So many mighty Kingdoms did obey ;

From *India's* Coast, to *Ethiopia's* Land,  
All people did submit to his Command.

THE King with Feasting, in most noble Sort  
Did entertain the Princes of his Court,  
Till Night came on, and all retired were,  
Then to his Chamber did to Rest repair ;  
Where several \* noble Youths strict Watch did keep,  
To guard his sacred Person in his Sleep :  
Among them three young Men of virtuous Mind,  
Whose Hearts to study Wisdom were inclin'd,

\* Custom among the Eastern Monarchs

C

H 1

Had privately, between themselves, agreed  
 To leave in Writing, for the King to read,  
 What, in their Judgments, did in Strength excel  
 All other Things, for they discerned well  
 Their Sovereign's bounteous Disposition so,  
 What they could wish, he would on them bestow.

THE first of them, in Writing did declare,  
 That nothing could for Strength with Wine compare ;  
 The second then his Sentence in did bring,  
 Nothing for might, is equal with the King ;  
 With like Assurance did the third decree  
 Women do bear away the Victory  
 From all on Earth ; but yet he knew full well  
 Great was the Truth that did in Heaven dwell.

THESE Papers seal'd, where secretly convey'd  
 Beneath the Pillow where *Darius* laid,  
 Until *Aurora* did her Light display,  
 And *Phœbus* rising, usher'd in the Day ;  
 Then they withdrew, and when the King did rise,  
 His Servants on the Writings cast their Eyes,  
 And to his sacred Majesty made known  
 What in the Night had by his Guards been done.  
 The King was pleas'd on hearing the Report  
 How the brave Youths had acted in his Court ;

And

And straightway did his royal Mandate send,  
 Commanding all his Princes to attend ;  
 All his wise Men, and Captains, he did call  
 Strait to assemble in the Council-Hall :  
 The King himself in Judgment takes his Place,  
 And with his Presence will the Senate grace ;  
 His Resolution doth to them declare,  
 Impartially to end this nice Affair.

AND now the several Writings being read,  
 That with the greater Force they may proceed,  
 The King commands the young Men in with Speed,  
 And bids them freely speak their whole Intent,  
 What either of them by his Sentence meant :  
 Then having Leave, the first did Silence break,  
 And to this Purpose he before them spake.

Most mighty Powers ! doth not *Wine* exceed  
 In Strength ?—It overcometh all indeed :  
 By freely drinking many are misled ;  
 By *Wine* the strongest have been conquered :  
 The needy Orphan it will quickly bring  
 To be as gay and pleasant as the King ;  
 Enslaveth him that heretofore was free ;  
 Makes Servants think they have their Liberty :

The

C 2

The poor Man and the rich alike are found,  
 While Mirth and Jollity go freely round ;  
 Remembrance of all Evils, past and gone,  
 Sorrows and Debts, no more are thought upon  
 When sparkling *Wine* their Heart begins to cheer,  
 Nor King, nor Governor they seem to fear ;  
 They speak at large, each would be Chief of all,  
 Till Friends and Brethren at Variance fall :  
 Drawn Swords sometimes the Pow'r of *Wine* attend,  
 But when 'tis gone, the Quarrel's at an End ;  
 Their Wrath forgot, their Mirth thought on no more,  
 Each Man is in the State he was before.  
 The Force and Pow'r of *Wine*, consider'd well,  
 Must needs in Strength all other Things excel.

He having spoke, the second did begin  
 Thus to declare the Power of the *King*.

Most noble Lords ! Of all Things that were made,  
 Or ever on the Earth a Being had,  
 Men do excel in Strength : To their Command  
 All Things are subject, both by Sea and Land :  
 How strong then is the *King*, whose regal Sway  
 All Men on Earth submissively obey !  
 They yeild Obedience to his princely Will,  
 And ready are his Pleasure to fulfill ;

To his Dominion, High and Low submit,  
 He over them bears Rule as he thinks fit.  
 If he in hostile Manner draws his Sword,  
 Whole armed Legions strait attend his Word ;  
 Whate'er he bids, they do with Heart and Hand.  
 Walls, Tow'rs, nor Bulwarks can before them stand :  
 When into foreign Lands he doth them send,  
 They, in his Quarrel, even their Blood do spend,  
 And fight till Vict'ry doth on them attend ;  
 Then with glad Hearts submissively they bring  
 The choicest Spoils with Homage to the *King* :  
 While those whose Bus'ness is to till the Ground,  
 With whom a Sword or Spear is seldom found,  
 Manure their Land, their fruitful Vineyards dress ;  
 They reap their Corn, and luscious Clusters press ;  
 And when the Harvest doth their Toil reward,  
 They bring their Tribute to their *Sovereign Lord*.  
 If any hapless Wretch the *King* displease,  
 His Neighbours ne'er dispute, but on him seize ;  
 If he bid spare, they spare ; if he bid kill,  
 They ready are his Pleasure to fulfil ;  
 If Cities to destroy, or Buildings burn,  
 They into Heaps of Ruin Kingdoms turn ;  
 If Clemency within his Breast take Place,  
 His People all adore his princely Grace,  
 And build, and plant, what late they did deface.

Whene'er

Whene'er he please he lays him down to sleep,  
 While armed Bands strict Watch do round him keep ;  
 Nor dare depart, nor their own Bus'ness mind,  
 But serve the *King*, as Duty doth them bind.  
 Then what can equal him for Strength, I pray,  
 Whom in such Sort all Men on Earth obey ?

WISE *Zorabable* then appears in place,  
 A royal Youth of *David's* kingly Race,  
 (Much nobler he than those that spoke before,  
 Because he did the *living GOD* adore)  
 And thus his Mind and Writing did declare  
 Before them all, that fate in Judgement there.

Most worthy Princes ! I do freely own  
 The Strength of *Kings* throughout the World is known ;  
 The Force of *Wine* all Mortals know full well ;  
 Yet neither of them doth in Might excel :  
*Women* alone must bear the Prize away,  
 Whom all Mankind do honour and obey.  
 And well they may, because from them do spring  
 The Poor and Rich, the Peasant and the King ;  
 The greatest Heroes that the World can know,  
 To *Women* their Original must owe ;  
 They nourish those that plant the fruitful Vine,  
 From whence you vainly boast the Pow'r of *Wine* :

The

The Glory and the Praise of Men they are,  
 And make the Garment which they daily wear :  
 Nay, without *Women*, Men can't be at all,  
 But soon the Species would to Ruin fall :  
 When Men have gather'd Gold, and Treasures great  
 Of precious Things, and live in Pomp and State,  
 No true Content their captive Hearts attain,  
 Unless they can a *Woman's* Favour gain ;  
 Her Beauty to adore they are inclin'd,  
 Her noble Virtue does attract the Mind ;  
 With Gold and Silver they will freely part,  
 To gain admission to a *Female's* Heart ;  
 Her rare Perfections are so much admir'd,  
 Nought in the World can be like her desir'd ;  
 For if his native Country lay at Stake,  
 The Husband quits it for his Spouse's Sake ;  
 His Parents, Friends, and Kindred he doth leave ;  
 Unto his Wife alone his Heart doth cleave :  
 Nought comes amiss, he's happy if he find  
 A Confort virtuous, loving, fair, and kind ;  
 A willing Homage he to her doth pay ;  
 In Toil and Labour hard he spends the Day,  
 To gather Wealth, that so he may provide  
 Treasure to bring unto his dearest Bride :  
 Another boldly, with a Sword in Hand,  
 Will cross the Seas, and wander on the Land ;

No horrid Dangers can procure his Stay,  
 He bravely dares a Lyon in the Way ;  
 Laden with Booty to his Mistress flies,  
 And at her Feet presents the golden Prize.  
 Some Men, for love of *Women*, oft we see  
 Have been reduc'd to utmost Misery,  
 And lost their Senses, if they chanc'd to find  
 A beauteous *Female* cruel and unkind.  
 How oft have wretched Mortals been misled,  
 With murd'rous Hands their Rival's Blood to shed ?  
 While some as desp'rately have sought for Death,  
 And by Self-Murder stopt their vital Breath !  
 The *King* is strong, no People can deny  
 The Honours due to sovereign Majesty :  
 All stand in fear of him ; his Pow'r is such,  
 'Tis Death to strike, no less than Death to touch.  
 This mighty Monarch I did lately spy  
 In's Chair of State, fair *Apame* fitting by ;  
 At his Right Hand this youthful Beauty bright,  
 Appear'd like *Cynthia*'s glitt'ring Rays of Light ;  
 Altho he did the *Persian* Scepter sway,  
 This blooming Lady took his Crown away ;  
 The Diadem that on his Head was worn,  
 Her lovely Brows and Temples did adorn ;  
 Nay furthermore, when she had done this Thing,  
 With her Left Hand she struck this puissant King ;

Yet

Yet no Displeasure did in him arise,  
 Who was a Captive to her conqu'ring Eyes :  
 Her radiant Beauty did such Beams display,  
 From her he could not turn his Eyes away :  
 If this illustrious *Lady* deign'd to smile,  
 O'ercome with Joy, the *King* would laugh the while ;  
 If ought displeas'd her, then the *King* would try  
 With gentle Words the *Dame* to pacify.  
 What mortal Strength with *Women* can compare,  
 Since crowned Heads to them obédient are ?

THE King and Princes then began to gaze,  
 And look upon each other with Amaze ;  
 For now they very plainly did descry  
 This noble Prince would have the Victory  
 Who, having paus'd, began to speak again,  
 Not doubting but he should Acceptance gain.

Most noble Counsellers, assembled here !  
 Women are strong, as I have made appear ;  
 The *Earth* is large, wherein all Creatures dwell ;  
 The *Heavens* stupendious doth in Height excel ;  
 The glorious *Sun* does Heat and Light display,  
 And with his Beams gives ev'ry Region Day :  
 How great then He, by whose divine Command,  
 All Things at first were made, Earth, Sea, and Land !

Strong is the *Truth*, who did create all Things ;  
 From that blest Fountain all Perfection springs :  
 The heav'nly Host with Rev'rence all adore,  
 While Men on Earth with trembling Fear implore.  
 Almighty *Truth*, which ever shall endure,  
 When worldly Pomp and Splendour are no more.

THAT *Kings* are wicked, all wise Men agree ;  
*Women* are so we know assuredly ;  
 When to excessive Drinking Men incline,  
 The worst of Evils has been caus'd by *Wine* :  
 All Men on Earth of high and low Degree,  
 Are subject unto Sin and Vanity ;  
 Destruction does on Wickedness attend,  
 But mighty *Truth* shall never know an End ;  
 Not only strong, but good beyond compare ;  
 No wicked Men with *Him* accepted are :  
 No rich Reward, no golden Bribe can buy  
 License from *Truth* to act unfaithfully :  
 Fraud or Deceit in *Truth* we never find ;  
 Good Men embrace it with a ready Mind :  
 Whatever Thing is virtuous, good, and great,  
 In *Truth* we find it perfect and complete :  
 Then prais'd be *Truth* to all Eternity,  
 In whom alone is Strength and Majesty !

HE having finish'd, the attentive Crowd,  
 With joyful Acclamations shout aloud ;  
 The *Truth* applauding, they, as one, agree  
 This brave young Prince should have the Victory :  
 The King and Council did his Wisdom praise,  
 Affirming he had doubly won the Bays.  
 Straitway the King *Darius* did declare  
 That Purple and fine Linnen he should wear ;  
 That all his royal Bounty might behold,  
 Commanded he should eat and drink in Gold ;  
 A regal Chariot too he did decree,  
 Adorn'd with Gold, at his Command should be ;  
 A massy Chain of Gold his Neck does grace,  
 And next unto himself assigns his Place :  
 And to increase his Honour, after all,  
 Commands that they his Cousin should him call ;  
 And of his royal Grace he doth decree,  
 What he would ask, performed it should be :  
*Speak what thou wilt, it shall be done for thee.*  
 He was not long to seek what Choice to make,  
 But to the King with low Submission spake.

Most mighty Prince ! I beg thou wouldest pursue  
 The Thing that thou proposedst long ago.

Behold

Behold *Jerusalem* in Ruins laid !  
 Perform the Vow which thou thyself hast made,  
 When first thou didst the *Perſian* Sceptre weild,  
 That thou the peerless City wouldest rebuild ;  
 That glor'ous Temple, which was once the praise  
 Of all the Earth, thou vowedſt again to raise ;  
 That goodly Pile by *Edomites* destroy'd,  
 Each goodly Building now in Ashes laid,  
 And all the holy Vessels to restore,  
 As *Cyrus* did design long time before ;  
 That then *Judea*'s Sons may bleſs thy Name,  
 And Babes unborn thy matchleſs Grace proclaim.  
 No other Thing great Prince ! do I require ;  
 No earthly Pomp or Grandeur I desire :  
 But if this one Request thou grant to me,  
 Immortal Honour thy Reward will be.

THE King obſerving how he stood inclin'd,  
 To ſerve his Country with a willing Mind,  
 Rose from his Seat, and in that very Place,  
 Before the Council, doth the Prince embrac'e ;  
 Grants his Request, and doth his Letters ſend,  
 Commanding all his Captains to attend,  
 Both him and his, that ſo they might convey  
 Them to their ancient Land without Delay :

Not only from all Tribute set them free,  
 But gave much Treasure to them lib'rally ;  
 The City built, the Temple up did raise,  
 For solemn Worship, as in former Days.  
 This brave young Man having his End obtain'd,  
 And Liberty, beyond his Wishes gain'd ;  
 With thankful Heart, and joyful Lips, did raise  
 His Voice to sing his great Creator's Praise.

To Thee, great GOD ! I render Praises due,  
 From whom comes Victory, and Wisdom too :  
 Thy worthless Servant I myself do own,  
 Yet thou to me thy Strength and Might hast shewn ;  
 Thine be the Glory, now and evermore !  
 I thankfully thy gracious Name adore ;  
 Prostrate before Thee would I gladly lie,  
 And praise thy Name to all Eternity.





A N S. (John W. Smelot 104)

## EPISTOLARY ANSWER

To an Exciseman,

Who doubted her being the Author of the  
Washerwoman's Labour.



OOD Sir, by our English Laws  
The Accused party may  
Have leave to plead, themselves to clear,

But you condemn Straightway.

Unseen, unheard, the Sentence past,  
For you are sure, I hear,  
No Woman ever made those lines  
That in my Name appear.

But I'm much more sure that you  
For once mistaken are ;  
You are not infallible, nor fit  
To fill the Papal Chair.

For

For there is none on Earth below,  
 Nor yet above the Sky,  
 Can truly say, they made that Book,  
 But poor, despised I  
 And whether you believe or not  
 The thing is certain true ;  
 That Washerwoman made those lines  
 That now are Sent to you.

Tho' my Extraction was so low,  
 And I to labour bred ;  
 Yet Stories of the Pagan Gods  
 I oft have seen, and read.

And were you now In Petersfield  
 Or I in Gloucestershire ;  
 What you have Judg'd impossible,  
 I wou'd plainly make appear.

But why shou'd you our Sex condemn,  
 And Women all despise  
 We never with you interfere,  
 Nor trouble the Excise.

I wonder much, indeed to find  
 That such your Notions are.

For

For most of you are wont to be  
Admirers of the Fair:

But Since that we such Ideots are,

I hope, you do refrain

Our Company, for fear you Shou'd

Your Reputation Stain.

Tho' if we Education had

Which Justly is our due,

I doubt not, many of our Sex

Might fairly vie with you.





THE  
HAPPY HUSBAND,  
AND THE  
OLD BACHELOR.

A Dialogue.

Country Gentleman of late,  
Of honest fame and good estate,  
Who with a Sober virtuous Wife,  
For many Years had led his life ;  
Walk'd in the Fields to take the Air,  
And chanc'd to meet his Neighbour there,  
A Gentleman of good degree,  
Polite, and gay, of humour free ;  
Who long had been to love inclin'd,  
But ne'er cou'd fix his wav'ring mind,  
And being met at his desire,  
They to his Neighbouring house retire ;  
A Rural Seat, which for long Space  
Had gone in the Paternal race,

E

There

There in the Hall they both regale  
 With generous Wine and Nappy Ale,  
 Until the Evening being come,  
 The Guest talk'd of Returning home.

Husband.

My Dearest Wife will think, said he,  
 That Some mishap has fall'n on me.

Batchelor.

His friend reply'd, with scornful air,  
 I thank my Stars I've no such care ;  
 Long, as I please, abroad I stay,  
 And Seldom ask what time of day :  
 I game and quaff away the Night,  
 And reel to Bed at Morning light ;  
 Thus I pursue my pleasure free,  
 And have no Wife to rail at me :  
 Such fatal Curbs I cannot bear,  
 And therefore took a prudent care,  
 To Shun the Matrimonial Snare.

Husband.

His friend reply'd with chearful voice  
 I never did repent my choice,  
 I wou'd not have the Golden Chain,  
 Of Hymen be unlink'd again.

Nor

Nor wou'd I leave my Dearest Wife,  
 To gain the greatest good of life :  
 Long as I please abroad I bide,  
 And do not fear my Wife will chide,  
 For she is Soobliging, I  
 Take pleasure in her company :  
 Her kind advice she doth impart,  
 And by her prudente gains my heart ;  
 While you abroad unsettled roam  
 For want of such a Spouse at home ;  
 Tis an unhappy life you lead,  
 No faithful Friend in time of need :  
 Thus, Shou'd you die, you'd leave no Son,  
 To take your place when you are gone.

Batchelor.

THAT's more, my friend, than you do know,  
 I may have Sons and Daughters too,  
 Without the trouble of a Wife  
 I can enjoy the Sweets of life,  
 To marry I shall make no haste,  
 Variety doth please my taste,  
 Your counsel doth not please my mind,  
 Because I hate to be confin'd.

Husband.

## Husband.

IT may indeed, my friend, be so,  
 You may have Sons and Daughters too,  
 But if you have, you must be blam'd,  
 And of your Offspring be ashame'd,  
 While Sober men their Children prize,  
 Your Progeny you Basterdize,  
 Of such you have no cause to boast ;  
 Your race extinct, and name quite lost ;  
 For while you thus with harlots rove  
 You never know the Sweets of love,  
 Nor taste those comforts that attend  
 A Virtuous Wife, and faithful friend,  
 When I with any crosses meet  
 I to my Dearest Spouse retreat,  
 Whose prudent counsel has the Art  
 To ease my care, and chear my heart,  
 She doth all ways and means improve  
 To rule the House in Peace and love  
 Her mild commands and gentle Sway  
 Her Servants willingly obey ;  
 Thus by her prudent management,  
 My life's a Scene of true content :

## Batchelor.

INDEED, my Friend, if this be so,  
 You are the happiest Man I know.

For

For you enjoy I plainly find,  
 The Phœnix of the Female kind ;  
 Surely there are but very few  
 Cou'd justly boast as now you do,  
 If I cou'd meet with such a Wife,  
 Myself wou'd chuse a marry'd life.

Husband.

My Friend, if I may speak my mind,  
 As Virtuous WIVES are hard to find,  
 I think it equally as true,  
 That loving Husbands are so too.  
 I wish that man wou'd know his place,  
 As Lord of the created race,  
 Vicegerent of this spacious ball,  
 A Shining light observ'd by all ;  
 Wife in his conduct he wou'd be,  
 A Pattern to his Family,  
 And by his own Example lead  
 His Spouse the path wherein to tread :  
 Wou'd he to her himself approve,  
 And ever bear a constant love,  
 I am persuaded we shou'd find  
 Most Women virtuous, just and kind.

IN bodies natural, we see  
 If once the Head distemper'd be,

The

The curious fabrick feels the Smart,  
 And bears by Sympathy a part ;  
 In bodies Politick the Same,  
 Then can we think our Wives to blame,  
 If they shou'd blindly venture on  
 Those vicious ways ourselves have gone ;  
 But where strict virtue bears the Sway,  
 That virtue cannot lead astray.  
 When mild reproofs have little force  
 To check a Husband's vicious course,  
 A Wife provok'd, with rage and fear,  
 May utter truth he hates to hear.  
 But now before I make an end,  
 Let me advise you as a friend,  
 To chuse a Consort that may be  
 A blessing to your Family.  
 But let not wealth or grandeur move  
 To wed with one you cannot love,  
 No doubt but you a Girl may find  
 To bring you Gold and please your mind ;  
 But if it otherwise should prove  
 Set Money by and wed for love,  
 A Pleasant, chaste, and comely Dame,  
 Of good descent and honest fame ;  
 All other Objects banish quite  
 And fix on her your whole delight ;

Let

Let words and actions still commend  
 Yourself to be her faithful friend ;  
 Then be assur'd you'll not complain  
 Of want of due respect again.

Batchelor.

My friend, shou'd I be rul'd by you,  
 I to all joys must bid adieu  
 And that which most of all does grieve,  
 My old companions I must leave,  
 Those jovial Sparks I plainly See  
 Offensive to a Wife will be,  
 And if they shou'd not, I confess  
 My trouble will be ne'er the less ;  
 For when they at my House appear  
 I of my brows shall Stand in fear ;  
 Therefore I think I must go on  
 To live as I've already done.

Husband.

If jealousy your mind posses,  
 You'll ne'er be happy I confess,  
 But Sure with care you may prevent,  
 The causes of such discontent,  
 If you are constant in your love,  
 Your Wife will hardly ever rove,

And

And for your jovial Company,  
 Whate'er you have been let them See,  
 To virtue's rules your Strict conformity.  
 If they their wicked courses hold,  
 You friendship quickly will grow cold,  
 If they reform the case is clear,  
 Of them you need not stand in fear ;  
 And thus you may prevent all Strife  
 And lead a Sweet contented life.

## Batchelor.

My loving friend, I plainly See  
 Good counsel you have given me,  
 And now my friend I freely own,  
 My former courses past and gone,  
 Did for a moment please the mind,  
 But leave a bitter Sting behind ;  
 Altho' my bloom of life be past,  
 I hope I shall reform at last.  
 But first my care shall be apply'd  
 To chuse a virtuous loving Bride,  
 And So behave to her that we  
 May live in love and unity,  
 So may we find our Joys increase,  
 For Virtue's ways are paths of peace.

A Gentleman's Request to the Author on  
READING

The Happy Husband and the Old Batchelor:

GR<sup>E</sup>AT Soul! and good! Unequal'd Poetrix!  
GR<sup>E</sup>AT The Phœnix of your Age, Station and Sex!  
Resume the Quill ; And let us see display'd  
The Happy Wife---And discontented Maid.  
So by your Strong persuasives you may win  
Virgins to fix their love on Virtuous Men.

*H E R A N S W E R.*

Y<sup>O</sup>UR Compliments return'd, for I protest  
I truly think that you deserve them best,  
And to Obey Shou'd be my Humble aim,  
Only I fear 'twill prove a barren Theme :  
Most Men are now so viciously inclin'd  
That happy Wives are very hard to find ;  
And as for discontented Maids I own,  
Any Such persons are to me § unknown,  
Nor can persuasives be of any use,  
Virgins I think for Virtuous Men would chuse,  
Only there are so very few of late,  
Maids will grow old, if they for Such should wait.  
So Rev'rend Sir, I hope you will excuse  
The ignorance, And freedom of the Muse.

F

§ Observe the Author is herself an Old Maid



The First and Second Chapters of

the First Book of

## SAMUEL VERSIFIED.



THAT some Heavenly Seraph wou'd inspire,  
And warm my Soul with an Immortal Fire;  
The Muse shou'd in Celestial numbers Sing,  
The praise of Sion's rock, and Israel's King.  
Who did of old display his Glorious Grace,  
To Abraham's seed, and Jacob's chos'en race.  
His Mighty Power, and outstretched hand,  
Gave them possession of a goodly land.  
No crowned King did over them bear Sway,  
Judges, and Governors, they did obey;  
His Providence, and his peculiar care,  
Renowned Captains did for them prepare.  
But So ungrateful Israel's Sons did prove,  
They oft abus'd his Grace, forgot his love.  
Until provok'd by their iniquities,  
Philistines arms the Rebels did chastize,

Yet

Yet of his tender mercy did provide,  
 A faithful Prophet and courageous Guide ;  
 That might the People's hearts, and minds prepare.  
 To Worship him with reverential fear ;  
 And by his own Example daily Shew  
 Them, how to put in practice what they knew.

A certain Levite, in those days we find,  
 At Ramah liv'd, which to Mount Ephraim join'd ;  
 Who had himself, and Household set apart,  
 To servē his Maker with a willing heart.  
 Two Wives he had, the one a virtuous Dame,  
 Descreet, and Wise, and Hannah was her Name ;  
 Whose fair, and lovely body did enshrine,  
 A Pious Soul with qualities Divine,  
 Her virtue did her Husbands love insure,  
 And from all People due respect procure,  
 Only her Rival cou'd not her endure.  
 And what increas'd Peninnah's haughty Pride,  
 The Lord had children unto her deny'd,  
 The Feasts that were to Israelites enjoind,  
 This Levite Still observ'd with zealous mind ;  
 And did to Shilo, ev'ry Year repair,  
 For God had fix'd his Tabernacle there ;  
 To offer sacrifice was his design,  
 And Worship at the fixed place and time :

And when he this August Assembly join'd,  
 His Loving Consorts never Stay'd behind.  
 Hophni and Phinehas, both as Priests appear,  
 The wicked Offspring of a Stock Sincere ;  
 Whose vile Example had pernicious been,  
 In Tempting Abraham's chosen race to Sin,

Elkanah Still, in these degenerate times,  
 Observes the Law, laments the Reigning crimes ;  
 Frequents the Feasts, and with an honest mind,  
 Due portions to his Family assign'd :  
 But unto Hannah gave the chieftest part,  
 Because her Virtuous carriage gain'd his heart.  
 This did Peninnah's spite, and rage inflame,  
 With Galling words, she urg'd the Pious Dame ;  
 As if neglected by the God of Heav'n,  
 Because he yet to her no Child had given.  
 Year after Year she did her thus upbraid,  
 And what She cou'd to grieve, and vex her said,  
 Whose noble Soul was soaring far above,  
 And following ways of Peace and perfect love ;  
 To Israel's God alone, she did complain,  
 Of her illnatur'd Rival's proud disdain,  
 And to the Heav'nly Throne herself address'd,  
 With sighs and Tears that cannot be exprest.

INTREATING him that reigns on high, that She,  
 The happy Mother of a Son might be,  
 And if she could that happiness obtain,  
 She wou'd resign him to the Lord again ;  
 That all his life he shou'd at Shilo Spend  
 And on the Publick worship still attend.  
 While thus She did disclose her pain and Grief  
 To him, who able was to grant relief,  
 No Friend on Earth was privy to her moan,  
 Unto pure Omnipotence She pray'd alone.  
 Her voice not heard, only her lips did move,  
 Which made old Ely sharply her reprove,  
 As if the Virtuous Dame, at that Divine  
 And Holy Feast, had been o'ercome with Wine :  
 But when with flowing Tears she let him know,  
 She was oppress'd, and overwhelm'd with woe,  
 The Priest to comfort her himself address'd,  
 Pray'd Israel's God to grant her, her request,

THE days of Solemn Feasting being Spent,  
 Elkanah with his Wives to Ramah went,  
 And e'er the Sun his Annual Race had run,  
 The joyful Mother did embrace a Son ;  
 And as the Gift of God this worthy Dame  
 Did him receive, And Samuel call'd his Name ;

Asked

Asked of God, by which She did declare  
 To all Mankind, how great his Mercies are.  
 And with a grateful Heart, in Person She  
 Attended on him, in his Infancy ;  
 With kind affection, and a Parents Joy,  
 Her Pliant Arms enfolds the lovely Boy.

SOME Years expir'd, And the Child being grown,  
 The Pious Matron with her little Son  
 Led by Elkanah, unto Shilo went,  
 And there to Ely doth her Son present :  
 To him, And to the Congregated Tribes  
 Declar'd his goodness who oe'r Earth presides.  
 There to his chosen People did proclaim,  
 The Praises due to his Eternal Name,  
 Who heard her cries, and granted her request.  
 Her grateful tongue those joyful words Exprest,  
 My heart and soul doth in the Lord rejoice,  
 Who heard the sighing of his Hand-maids voice ;  
 My glory, and my Strength he doth appear,  
 What cause have I the Race of man to fear ?  
 I am exalted by the God of Love,  
 My Mouth enlarg'd by him, who reigns above,  
 He makes me o'er mine Enemies rejoice,  
 In his Salvation I exert my voice.

Most

Most pure and holy is his Mighty Name,  
 There's none beside him can perfection claim :  
 And when in deep distress there is not one  
 Can be our refuge, but our God alone.  
 O ! lay your haughty Arrogance aside,  
 The God of Israel will correct your Pride,  
 He knows our Hearts, the Proud he doth despise,  
 But humble Souls are precious in his eyes ;  
 While those who glory in their Strength and might,  
 By his all conqu'ring Arm are put to Flight.  
 Yet they, that in his Truth and Mercy trust,  
 Shall find a God both tender, kind, and just ;  
 She that was barren, his praises shall prolong  
 Whose love fires my breast and joy swells my Song.  
 He is the Lord Supream of life and Death,  
 When brought to Dust he can restore our breath,  
 From abject State can raise unto a Throne,  
 The Earth with all its Kingdoms are his own ;  
 'Tis he protects his Saints and will display,  
 His Sov'reign Grace to keep them in the way ;  
 But from his hands the Slaves of vice shall share  
 Woes, scenes of Death, horror, and despair,  
 Destruction Shall his Enemies attend,  
 Amazing Thunder he from Heav'n will send ;  
 His Judgments shall upon the Earth appear  
 That Men may learn, Almighty Jove to fear ;

The

The just shall live, uplifted by his Arm  
 Untouch'd by danger, and dreadless of harm.

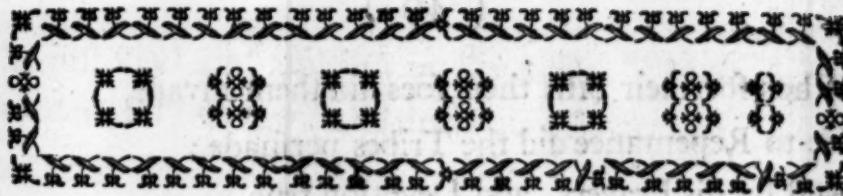
THE Worthy Matron having pay'd her vows  
 With raptur'd Heart returns unto her House.  
 And Israel's God that reigns enthron'd on high,  
 Did bless her with a num'rous Progeny.  
 Samuel proves, even in his Infant days  
 A Miracle of God's Stupendous Grace !  
 While Hophni and Phinehas both in Sin grow bold,  
 Scorning to be by God, or Man control'd ;  
 Their Country's curse, their Father's grief and Shame  
 Against their House, the word to Samuel came,  
 The Judge and Priest before him must appear,  
 And from a blooming Youth compell'd to hear  
 Sentence pronounc'd, most grievous and Severe ; }  
 No Sacrifice can Purge their guilt away  
 Their lives and Honours for their Crimes must pay.

Now Israel's Chiefs and Elders plainly See,  
 Samuel a Prophet by the Lords decree ;  
 And Jacob's Sons approach with Rev'rend Awe  
 While he pronounces God's Eternal Law :  
 His Missions plain, his Visions full and clear  
 His words like Oracles remembred are

When

When for their Sins their foes did them invade,  
 He to Repentance did the Tribes persuade :  
 And by his Prayers, and Devotion true,  
 Brought Thunder down, Philistines to Subdue :  
 And honour'd was by God's express command,  
 To chuse a King to rule his chosen Land ;  
 Yet in Pathetick Speeches let them know  
 The Arbitrary ways that Saul wou'd go.  
 And when that King the Lord's command had broke  
 In Sparing Agag from his Vengeful Stroke,  
 Samuel was Sent and to the Monarch's Face,  
 Boldly declar'd the Lord wou'd him displace.  
 Yet for his King most earnestly did pray  
 That God wou'd turn his Burning Wrath away,  
 Untill forbid. Then God did him appoint,  
 His own peculiar David to Anoint,  
 From whom by God's Decree in time shou'd spring,  
 The Prince of Peace, the Everlasting King,  
 That Jew and Gentile to one fold Shou'd bring:





A N  
E L E G Y  
UPON  
S T E P H E N D U C K:



N murmuring Strains, I lately heard it Said,  
The Muse's Darling, Reverend Duck is dead.  
Impartial Death by one untimely blow  
Has snatch'd away from Mortals here below,  
That wond'rous Man, in whom alone did join  
A Thresher, Poet, Courtier, and Divine.  
And while a Labourer of mean degree,  
The Ornament, and Grace of Poverty :  
Upon that State in high and lofty Rhime,  
Bravely attempts Parnassus's Hill to Clime ;  
And quickly after by Fame's loud Report,  
Remov'd from his lowly Cot and call'd to Court.  
A Gracious Queen being charm'd with the Lyre,  
While Noble Peers his Nat'r' al parts Admire ;  
Advanc'd, caref'sd, and favour'd more and more,  
Nor ceased till the Rev'rend Gown he wore.

Immortal

Immortal Duck how happy hadst thou been  
 Belov'd by Lords Respected by a Queen ?  
 How doubly Blest couldst thou have kept with thee,  
 The sweet companion of thy Poverty ?  
 That true content and inward peace of mind,  
 Which in thy humble Cottage thou didst find.  
 Which oft doth to the poor and mean retreat  
 But seldom dwells among the Rich, or Great.  
 The want of wit thy pleasure turnd to pain,  
 Thy Life a Burthen, and thy Death a Stain:  
 So have I Seen in a fair Summers Morn,  
 Bright Phœbus's Beams the Hills and Dales adorn,  
 With Flow'rs and Shrubs their fragrant Sweets display,  
 And Warbling Birds foretell a Clearfull Day :  
 When on a Sudden some dark Clouds arise,  
 Obscures the Sun and overspreads the Skies ;  
 The Birds are Silent, plants contract their bloom,  
 The Glorious Day ends in a dismal gloom.





A N

## E L E G Y,

On the much lamented Death of

**NORTON POWLETT Esq;**

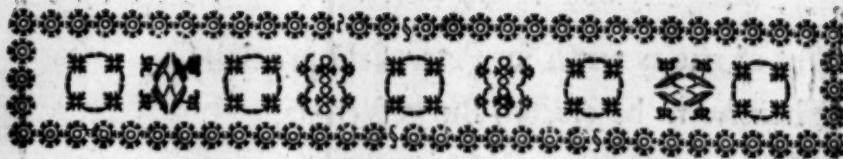
Who departed this life at Petersfield June the 4th 1741.

ROM Scenes of Woe and dismal Shades of  
[grief]

 The penfive Muse at length attempts relief ;  
From Sorrow's boundless Abyss wou'd arise  
To follow noble Powlett to the Skies,  
Did not the cry of those he left behind,  
To mournful Accents her Sad thoughts confine ;  
To all both rich and Poor his worth was known,  
Whose heavy hearts the Publick loss bemoan,  
And cry, the good, the Generous Powlett's gone !  
Who while he liv'd employ'd his bounteous Store  
To Serve his Country and relieve the Poor :  
His noble Soul design'd for liberty,  
Scorn'd with time Serving Wretches to comply ;  
He thirty Years together bravely Stood  
Supporting justice and his Country's good.

This

This glorious truth let Petersfield proclaim,  
 When he to be elected Burgess came,  
 But nobly lost what others got with Shame : }  
 In great designs his useful life did end ;  
 While here we mourn the Patriot and the Friend ;  
 Whose liberal hand Supply'd the Poor with bread,  
 Widows and Orphans on his bounty fed.  
 No Funeral Pompt he needs his Fame to raiſe,  
 Nor mourning Elegy to speak his praise ;  
 Nor lofty Monument nor flattering Art,  
 His Memory lives in every honest heart,  
 Altho' his body in the Tomb must lie,  
 Yet Powlett's honour'd Name shall never die, }  
 But live with Fame to late Posterity :  
 While men of Virtue here his Death deplore,  
 His Soul's triumphing on the Heav'nly Shore,  
 Where radient Seraphims their voices Strain,  
 To Celebrate with joy his glorious reign ;  
 Where he, in Consort, shall for ever Sing,  
 Loud Hallelujahs to their Heavenly King ;  
 Forever fix'd in blisful realms of light,  
 Beyond the reach of Perjur'd Villains Spight :  
 Then let us ceafe our tears and bravely try  
 Once more to gain our Ancient liberty ;  
 Rememb'ring Still that Noble Powlett's Strife  
 To ſave our freedom ended with his life.



Spectator VOL. the Fifth.

Numb. 375.

## VER S I F I E D.



PERSON who in London liv'd of late,  
By dire misfortune Sunk in his Estate,  
From good esteem reduc'd to low degree,  
His credit turn'd to Abject Poverty :  
No comfort left to Sweeten human life,  
But faithful counsels of a virtuous Wife,  
Who under Fortune's frowns wou'd often try  
All means to shew her love and constancy ;  
While he with heavy heart wou'd oft lament,  
Her present Straits, her Ample Fortune Spent,  
With kind endearments and a chearful Air  
She ever strove to free his mind from care.  
Her Eldest Daughter being (as 'tis Said)  
In bloom of Youth, a fair and comely Maid,  
Was sent unto a Country friend that She,  
The downfall of her Parents might not See.  
A Noble Lord of good Estate liv'd nigh,  
And on this lovely Beauty cast his Eye,

The

The chaste behaviour of this Graceful Dame,  
 Did daily add new vigour to his flame ;  
 He her address his lawful Bride to be,  
 And to the same she did at length agree,  
 Tho' basely he her ruin did design,  
 And to betray her sought a lucky time :  
 While both with diff'rent ends themselves amuse,  
 From London came the most unwelcome News.  
 Her tender Parents were depriv'd of all  
 Their worldly Store ; her Sorrows were not small  
 At their dire Fate ; When to compleat her woes,  
 Her Lover doth his base design disclose.  
 A Mistress he must have, he wants no Wife,  
 Propos'd four Hundred Pounds a Year for life  
 At her command, and if she will comply,  
 Her Father's debts he'll likewise satisfy :  
 Thus like the Cursed Serpent tempting Eve,  
 He laid a Golden Bait her to deceive :  
 But here his hopes and promises were vain,  
 The Fair one left him with a brave disdain,  
 Such Virtue in her Spotless breast Did reign ; }  
 'Tho' their misfortune griev'd her tender heart,  
 Her noble Soul abhors his treach'rous Part,  
 To the designing Lord She bade Adieu,  
 Nor wou'd Admit another Interview.

Chagrin'd

Chagrin'd and vex'd the Spark resolv'd to try  
 Another Plot for to way-lay her by,  
 Dispatch'd a Messenger without delay,  
 To hear what her perplexed Friends wou'd say,  
 Hoping that their Indigence a means might be  
 To gain his end by their Authority.  
 By cruel Fate, her Father's forc'd from home,  
 The Letter to her Mother's Hands did come,  
 His flatt'ring lines she then perused o'er,  
 His Vile proposals did afflict her more,  
 Then all her fat' disasters heretofore : }  
 She from his Servant her intent conceal'd,  
 And to her Virtuous Child her mind reveal'd,  
 To this effect. My dearest Girl, Said She,  
 I've hear'd from one pretending love to thee, }  
 A Gentleman of wealth and high degree,  
 By whose pretences we may plainly find,  
 A wicked heart and base insulting mind,  
 He takes advantage of our mean Estate,  
 And Strives to make our Sorrows more compleat,  
 He thinks our present wants to Satisfy,  
 We will betray our Child to Infamy,  
 Heaven forbid, that we so vile Shou'd be  
 By Sin and Shame to Shift of poverty !

The

The Power above some other way will find  
 To ease our woe, or give us peace of mind  
 Dear Child, my will already is resign'd !  
 As Worldly grandeur to thyself and Friends ;  
 For Virtue's loss can never make amends ;  
 Therefore I charge thee take a Special care,  
 Refuse the Bait, and So avoid the snare ;  
 Let not a foolish pity take a place  
 Within thy breast, true Virtue to deface,  
 Our case is not so bad as you may fear,  
 From me in time you better News may hear ;  
 I have been interupted by a Friend  
 And have already, better News to Send  
 The Minute just now past, I have receiv'd  
 A Debt long due by which I am reliev'd ;  
 For Sev'ral days before I freely own,  
 All views of comfort and support were gone,  
 What little I cou'd raise I did dispose  
 To thy Dear Father, partner of my woes,  
 Who at this present time is torn from me  
 I hope he'll Soon regain his liberty ;  
 'Tis not to grieve thee I these things relate,  
 Most patiently I bear my instant Fate,  
 But with a Mother's tenderness intreat  
 Thee not to make my Suff'rings yet more great,

'Tis our Misfortune not our fault, that we  
 Are at this time involv'd in Poverty,  
 And Providence may yet us reinstate  
 To the affluence we enjoy'd of late,  
 Without accepting terms so vile and base;  
 Heaven preserve, my Child, from Such disgrace!  
 These lines she sent with care and Speed I hear,  
 By his false Servant to her Daughter Dear  
 Anxious for the Event, shaking with fear.  
 He to his Master did the Same convey  
 Such Snares were laid her virtue to betray.  
 He open'd it, but much surpris'd to find  
 A true Portraiture of a noble mind  
 Whom pinching wants nor Golden Bribes cou'd move,  
 To favour him in his illegal love :  
 Reflecting on his Enterprise with Shame,  
 Applauds her choice and found himself to blame,  
 His reason prompts him, that it wou'd be in vain,  
 Content or peace of mind thereby to gain ;  
 Reflecting clamly on his wretched case,  
 Resolv'd thenceforth to quit attempts So base,  
 The Letter seal'd with nicest art and care,  
 To See his Love he doth himself prepare,  
 And by it got admittance to the Fair.  
 While She her Mother's Letter did peruse,  
 Her lovely face, he with attention views :

Her piercing Sorrows cauf'd her eyes to flow,  
 With pearly drops of Undissembled woe.  
 The deep concern that in her breast took place,  
 Heighten'd her charms, improv'd each blooming grace  
 His stubborn heart relents amaz'd to See,  
 Her deep distress and noble constancy.  
 Reclaimed thus by Virtues charms alone,  
 For all his former folly to attone,  
 Assur'd her on his honour she shou'd find,  
 In him, a Faithful friend and Husband kind ;  
 And to London he sent the Second time:  
 Implores her Mother's pardon for his crime,  
 Pleads his Misfortune that he did not know  
 Their Family, and therefore us'd them So,  
 Not only beg'd Excuse for what he had done,  
 But wish'd to be accepted as a Son.  
 This Letter by his Steward to her he Sent,  
 And in Short time in Person thither went.  
 Her happy Parents were to Wealth restor'd,  
 By the Assistance of this Gen'rous Lord :  
 Married Amanda was and liv'd a happy life,  
 He a kind Husband, she a Virtuous Wife.



ON

The Marriage of GEORGE the Third.

Wrote in the

Seventy-Second Year of her Age.



WAKE, My Muse! once more thyself  
[display,  
Since thou hast liv'd to See this happy day,  
Great George the Third Adorns the British  
[Throne;

In room of's Royal Grandfire lately Gone :  
Whose blooming Youth in Virtue's paths hath Spent  
Presages wonders from his Government :  
As if the Glories of his Royal line,  
Center'd in one shall on our Monarch Shine,  
Auspicious Heav'n protect him all his days,  
And crown his Brows with never fading Bays,  
Let the Diadem sit easy on his Head,  
His Enemies be fill'd with fear and dread !

If

If Heav'n will bless, none shall his Arms withstand,  
 His floating Fleets by Sea, or Troops by Land.  
 Let my thoughts roam beyond the British flood,  
 To trace the Lustre of the German Blood.  
 Our Annals will in future Ages Shine  
 With brightest splendour of that Royal Line  
 From whence our Liberty and safety Springs,  
 In the Succession of three Noble Kings,  
 By Heaven sent to save our Native lands,  
 From Popish Slavery and Tyrants Hands.  
 Kind Providence doth even further Smile,  
 Bringing Fair Charlotte to this happy Isle ;  
 To join our King and mingle hearts and hands  
 In the soft tie of Hymns sacred bands.  
 Serene and August Pair, hence may you be,  
 Bless'd from above with true felicity,  
 Some Scores of Years, full many Sun-bright days,  
 May you tread in Virtue's unspotted ways.  
 Let length of days attend at your right hand,  
 And at your left, let wealth and honour stand ;  
 May you Enlarge the Royal Family,  
 And many Children's Children live to See.  
 And may we never want one of your line  
 To grace the Throne, while Sun and Moon doth shine.  
 May you to high and low a pattern be,  
 Of conjugal love and fidelity,

And

And So encourage Virtue all your days,  
 That Echoing Fame may sound abroad your Praise  
 In ev'ry place where Phœbus darts his rays.  
 And as your Years, so may your joys increase  
 Flourish and pass your Days in health and peace ;  
 And when you have run your race be crown'd on high  
 In Endless bliss to all Eternity:

**F I N I S.**





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